

# TEE SHOTS



by the Editor

**M**ORE bouquets were handed out to the greenkeeper by players, Press, and public during the Amateur Championship at Royal Liverpool Golf Club last month. Lou Lowcock had defeated a malicious spell of weather and neither first-round casualties nor seeds that failed to germinate could blame the greens.

For sheer golfing atmosphere, few links can match Hoylake in the soft evening light over the Dee when it broods on the surprises in store for the morrow. The evolution of the natural virtues of the site over so many years and the jealous retention of man-made obstacles of cop, road, and boundary have reached towards a ruthless and challenging simplicity which many golf clubs discuss but which few have the courage to achieve. Its relatively flat holes tend to be more controversial than those in the sand-hills because they are less firmly fixed by contour. Even so there are only seventy bunkers on the course and three holes with none at all.

Coupled with this economy, many isolated built-up tees have been combined on a lower level and a few spots subject to winter flooding adjusted. Greenkeeping can thus concentrate on the vital tasks though during a Championship the greenkeeper is never free from urgent appeals.

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A crisis even arose a fortnight before when a Jack Russell bitch disappeared up a drain outlet on the shore. Lou traced the drain across the links towards the 10th green and indicated to firemen called by the owner where Sue would be holed up. The owner said after the rescue, "The firemen were wonderful. They only made a small hole in a patch of semi-rough and fortunately I think the course will be alright in time for the Amateur Championship".

It certainly was. Let us quote Mr. Henry Longhurst writing in the *Sunday Times*.

*"For thirty-three years, the Royal Liverpool Club had a celebrated greenkeeper in Tom Bridges, who retired five years ago. He must have been a difficult man indeed to follow. As I walked round this morning, I found myself lifting my hat in spirit to his successor, Lowcock, who is a tremendous worker, out at all hours of the morning with the rest of his staff. If ever Hoylake could claim to have 'the best eighteen greens in the world', they could surely claim it now."*